

dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract."

Here on the gentle slopes and broad fields of Puowaina, rest the heroes of another tumultuous conflict. As magnificent as any National Cemetery could be, it is but a humble gift from a grateful nation to honor those of you who stood for—and those who fell for—freedom that Sunday morning. But it does not pay the full tribute due to the sacrifices offered up on December 7th.

Pearl Harbor . . . NAS Kaneohe . . . Ford Island . . . Battleship Row . . . Hickam Field . . . Wheeler Field . . . Scofield Barracks . . . the Arizona . . .; these were the grounds that were truly hallowed by your sacrifices, consecrated by your blood, and dedicated to your bravery and to the bravery of your friends and countrymen.

Your lives were forever changed by an event so devastating that it would not be for another 60 years—September 11, 2001—that America would again feel the tragic shockwaves of an attack on our home soil.

Perhaps the events of September 11 resonated in your lives in ways that did not resonate among other, younger Americans. Having lost my husband, Marine Colonel Rich Higgins, to a violent act of terrorism 13 years ago in Lebanon, I felt the old wounds . . . still pink from healing . . . open up again when I saw the Trade Center in flames, and the Pentagon—my former duty station—torn asunder.

It is possible, then, that on September 11th, old scars of the heart and mind were once again exposed among your generation of soldiers, Marines, sailors, airmen and coastguardsmen.

But I know and you know this: these two seminal events—December 7th and September 11th—struck America hard but they did not bring her down. No terrorist—no early morning raiding party—has the power to overcome the will and determination of the American serviceman or woman.

I am reminded of a recent editorial cartoon of the Statue of Liberty in which a stern-faced Lady Liberty is cradling a child in her arms. The caption reads, "No one comes between a mother and her children." How true that is for our Nation and for the men and women who, for 225 years, have risen in her defense in the face of the greatest personal risk.

Today is a good day to take a clear look at both our past and our future. It is a day when we acknowledge the debt we owe to those men and women who—because they so cherished peace—chose to live as warriors.

Could anything be more contradictory than a warrior's life? Warriors love America, but they spend years on foreign soil far from home. They revere freedom, but they sacrifice their own. They defend our right to live as individuals, yet yield their individuality for the cause. They value life, yet so bravely ready themselves to die in the service of our country.

But why are some Americans so seemingly willing to fight and, it need be, to die? We fight because we believe. Not that war is good, but that sometimes it is necessary. Our soldiers fight and die not for the glory of war, but for the prize of freedom.

On that December morning, many of you took up a torch that you would not put down for four long years. You valued freedom, and you were willing to sacrifice for it.

And through your selfless sacrifices, you guaranteed a lifetime of liberty to your families, your communities, and your Nation.

It is fitting and proper, then, that those of us who've worn the uniform remember our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, sons and daughters—but it is crucial that we

share what we feel today with those who have never taken that special risk for their country—so that they may understand.

Soldiers, Marines, sailors, airmen, coastguardsmen, World War Two Merchant Mariners and veterans understand the duty to country that causes a man or woman to risk his or her life to try to make a difference. There is nothing that can take the place of that selfless devotion.

My husband used to have a small plaque on his desk; it's on mine now and it says: "War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing he cares about more than his own personal safety; is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

There is a fabric that weaves people of conscience through the ages and around the world. That fabric is bound with the moral and spiritual lineage of men and women of honor, courage and integrity; those who value something more than their own personal safety.

Bound into this fabric are the lives and loves of soldiers and their families from all times, those who came home and those who didn't and those whose fate remains unknown.

The Courts of the Missing here at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific are inscribed with the names of more than 28,000 missing soldiers, Marines, sailors, airmen and coastguardsmen whose names are held in honor along with the more than 38,000 servicemen and women who lie at sacred rest among us today.

Heroes all, they speak to us of patriots' hopes and patriots' dreams, of lives lived to the fullest measure, lives nobly offered as payment for the fabric of a free society.

It is popular today to speak of the Greatest Generation—your generation, the generation of my father, who also served in World War II—but I think the phrase ignores a basic truth about Americans.

I believe every generation of Americans has been, is, and will be, great. We all have the potential for greatness, if by greatness it is meant that in times of trial, we will meet the challenges of the times with honor, dignity, arid sacrifice.

But make no mistake; let those who would terrorize us today remember the fate of those who violated our shares once before. And let the 9-11 generation carry the torch of courage and determination you carried in order to rid the world of the evil of the 21st century.

The colonists who fought for liberty in 1776, the citizens who defend a new nation in 1812, the families torn apart by Civil War, the green troops of the Allied Expeditionary Force, the 16 million men and women who wrested freedom from evil during World War II, the Korean War soldiers and their Vietnam colleagues, the young men and women of Desert Storm and, today, the troops fighting to bring terrorist to justice and justice to terrorists.

If we consider that each of these generations of Americans stood firm against the whirlwinds of tyranny to secure liberty for their times and their posterity we must call them all great.

But the generation of the men and women who survived here 60 years ago does merit a special measure of thanks for your contributions to America.

You returned from the battlefield, put aside the tools of war, and took up the tools of industry and technology, of medicine, of

science and education, an of community service. In return for all you had accomplished in war—a many of you carried the evidence of sacrifice still fresh on your bodies—you asked only to return to the peace, to the lives and loved ones you left.

And by your humble example you inspired our Nation to move forward on its path to a righteous destiny. Your contribution will not be forgotten. Your generation's greatness will be treasured and remembered.

Such a contribution should be sufficient for one generation—but I don't believe your contribution is yet complete. The next generation will need guidance . . . the next generation will undoubtedly face new challenges and they will wonder how to face those challenges with the courage and strength of character that is the hallmark of your generation.

I encourage our beloved World War II generation, and all our veterans, to share with your children and your grandchildren—with students and scholars and historians—the experiences of your service to America. You have a story to tell . . . you have thousands of stories to tell . . . and in the telling will be the inspiration for the next generation's response to tomorrow's challenges.

Pearl Harbor survivors specifically—have a unique perspective on this kind of brutal assault on America. You can help the rest of us better understand and come to terms with the values that are threatened and the resolve we must have to overcome our fears.

I am honored to share this day with you . . . and to be here in a place that speaks of the Nation's commitment to recognize the sacrifices of those patriots who were ready to give the last full measure of devotion so that we could gather in peace.

May God continue to bless our Pearl Harbor survivors, our World War II veterans, their families, indeed all our Nation's veterans and—especially today those in harm's way. And though I might conclude by asking God to bless America, I need not. Because of you, he already has.

Thank you.

TRIBUTE TO CHAMBERLAIN ELEMENTARY

HON. SHELLEY MOORE CAPITO

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, December 12, 2001

Mrs. CAPITO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor of Chamberlain Elementary in recognition of their achievement as an "exemplary" school.

Chamberlain Elementary has been selected as one of the top 50 schools of West Virginia. "Exemplary" status is based on Stanford Achievement Test results, attendance, drop out rates, and writing exam scores.

I commend the leadership and faculty on their dedication to the children that walk through their doors each day. They have set an incredible example for the other 817 schools in West Virginia.

I equally commend the students and parents of Chamberlain Elementary for their commitment to a quality education and a bright future.

Efforts to bring superior education to all of West Virginia and America are among our top priorities. Mr. Speaker, I urge my colleagues to join me in honoring Chamberlain Elementary